

Corinne Cushman's Beautiful Story, "A WILD GIRL," Begun in This Number.

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No. 451

## ROSES AND DREAMS.

BY EBEN E. REEDFORD.

The roses of summer are dying;  
Round me the red leaves fall;  
Whenever the wind comes sighing  
Over the garden wall.

A blood-red rain on the grasses,  
A waft of faint perfume.  
And the winds can chant their masses  
O'er the summer roses' tomb.

When the day seems long and lonely,  
And the sun is great and cold,  
And the wind's wail I hear only,  
I feel so old, so old!

And I think that the hopes so tender,  
The beautiful dreams so frail,  
Droop like the roses' splendor  
In the breath of the autumn gale.

Roses, oh, beautiful roses,  
You are not sorry for a fair  
Time remains in the dying summer,  
Or the hopes of June-time were.

Die with the last bright sunshine  
Of a day that has been most sweet,  
Oh, beautiful, beautiful roses,  
And dreams so fair and fleet.

Die, but we shall not forget you  
When the summer-time is done.  
We shall feel the spell of dreaming  
With the roses' fragrance burn.

A wind of tender fragrance  
Shall blow from the years that passed,  
And though roses and dreams are ended,  
They will haunt us to the last.

## A Wild Girl; OR, LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRET-  
AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

WILLFUL KITTY KANELL.

There's a little heroine, too,  
Whom each chapter leaves more pale.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

"THERE! glory! I wonder what papa will say to that!" "Ha, ha!" triumphantly.

Kitty Kanell stood sideways before the long pier glass in her dressing-room, and turning her fair little head looked with great satisfaction at the image she saw reflected there. That image was clothed in a dark-blue silk with a string of pearls about the dazzling white neck. Kitty had always had plenty of silk dresses—the novelty of this one was the long train which swept back on the carpet giving her an air of young ladyhood which she had long sighed for, and now, for the first time, attained. Her father had given her money a week ago to buy herself a new dress for her sixteenth birthday; she had given orders to the dressmaker directly opposed to his wishes—since he had no idea of his wild young daughter coming out for a couple of years yet—and here she stood before the mirror triumphant in guilty joy.

Kitty's eyes were almost as dark a blue as her dress, and looked out from under their long lashes as bright and innocent as two woodland springs from their fringing grasses. Her light-brown hair was alive with flickering gleams of gold on every curve of its wavy masses. She had a little rose, pouting mouth, pink cheeks and a petite figure.

"It's just for becoming for anything! It makes me look four inches taller, doesn't it, Eliza?"

"Sure an' it does! Ye's awful swate in it, Miss Kitty; but, what'll yer fayther say?"

"I can't help what he says! Papa is an old fogey! He will believe I am nothing but a baby till I'm thirty, if I allow him to have his own way. I've been dying to get into trains for the last year. And now, Eliza, listen to me: I'm going to that party to-night, if he hangs me for it to-morrow! I shall pretend to go to bed early—by nine o'clock—and I shall come to my room and papa will go to his; and he will lock up the house; then you and I will slip down in our stockings; you will open the basement door and lock it after us; we will put on our shoes in the area; and then you will set me safe around the corner into the house of my dead grandpa. Lilia will guard them, you can stay with her until I am ready to come home."

"I'll lose my place if Mr. Kanell hears of it, Miss Kitty. Sure, I was to kape an eye on you that was my first dooty."

"And how can you 'kape an eye' on me, Eliza, unless you come along with me—for I'm going, if I have to go alone."

"Indade, thin, I c'dn't permit that."

"Then it's settled. I'm bound to go. Pray, where is the harm? The Bayards are as nice as the Kanells; their house is only a block away, and Lilia's mother has given her the party. It's mean and cruel for papa to shut up the way he does! He would like me to lead the life of a hermit. One would think I had to be caged, like a luna! I'm going to have lots and lots of fun this winter! I'm going out every night. I'll throw my Greek grammar in Miss Parseley's face; I'll burst up every Mental Philosophy there is in this house! The idea of a young lady, with half a million in her own right being kept at Greek and things as if she was going to become a musty-fusee prude! It's all Miss Parseley's doing—she puts it into papa's head, so as to keep her position here; but I know enough, Eliza, and too much already! I can sing like Nilsson, and I'm not going to drum on the piano three hours a day. When people want to hear me sing they must find somebody to play my accompaniments. I've made up my mind to have a gay time and I'm bound to have it! So you are to obey me, Eliza—do all you can to help me—and if you're a good girl you'll get your wages doubled out of my pocket money, and lots of perquisites in the way of cast-off ribbons and dresses. It will pay you to stick to my interests. I'm not going to live like a pris-



"I do look scrum, that's a fact. Now, Eliza, unlock the door very softly and reconnoiter."

oner. We'll have jolly times, both of us. There! that's papa's latch-key in the door now. I wonder what he will say when I come down to dinner in this dress!"

Kitty, having come to an end of her speech for the want of breath, took another long look at herself in the mirror, while Eliza stood mute with admiration, secretly preferring to yield obedience to this wild little chit, to following out the grave directions which Mr. Kanell had failed to give her when she took her place.

Kitty was one of those children who deserve to be whipped and sent to bed ten times a day regularly. Not that she was bad, or in any way wicked; but she certainly was the wildest little witch that ever a widowed father despaired of making a lady of. To a hasty judge, her naughty escapades often seemed to show want of modesty; but Kitty's worst faults were vanity and irrepressible spirits, boiling and bubbling up in never-ending freaks of the wildest character.

At fifteen Kitty aspired to being considered a woman. Now that her sixteenth birthday had actually arrived, she was resolved that her longings for the gay life of a young lady should no longer be thwarted. Had she been blessed with a loving, sensible mother, her faults would soon have been overcome; but her mother had died young, and Lilia had said there you can stay with her until I am ready to come home."

"I'll lock the door for fear Miss Parseley sees me! She is now! Oh, yes, Miss Parseley, I'm going directly! Excuse my opening the door. I'm—partly undressed!"

kicking off a slipper. "Good-night and sweet dreams! Hum! now we have things all to ourselves. Let me look at it—Oh, how awfully lovely it will be!"

"Do you know, Eliza, there's going to be a real count where I am going to-night? Of course he is accustomed to seeing elegant toilets. Now, I've got my dear mother's jewel-case here—I got it out of papa's safe yesterday, when he back when turned the key in the door lock—and I'm going to wear all the diamonds there are in it. 'Oh, Eliza, they are perfectly scintillant! This is the necklace—and these are the bracelets—and this is an agrette for the hair! They are all mine; mamma willed them to me, along with all her money, and she had oceans of it; so, if I choose to wear them, it's all right, isn't it?"

"Miss Parseley, you will oblige me by seeing that the seamstress alters my daughter's dress. I want the superfluous length removed, so that it will swing clear of the floor about two inches."

"Superfluous length, dear papal what a long name for train!" laughed Kitty.

"I remonstrated with Miss Kanell," said the governess, in that calm, superior tone of hers

which always irritated Kitty, "about having her silk made in that manner; but she paid no regard to my advice."

"Never mind!" thought Kitty to herself.

"The count is going to be at Lilia's to-night; Lilia told me so! He will see me in my new dress before they ruin it, spiteful old things!"

They say he is really a count—young, handsome, accomplished, intensely aristocratic and awfully rich! Lilia says he is really dark—all black, and wears dark makeup.

Bayard met him in Venice, attended one of his receptions, and knows all about him. He is no valet, or barber, or tenor singer in opera, like those adventurers we read about, but a genuine count belonging to one of the oldest families in Italy. Lilia raves about him! The party was made for him. Aha! my dear papa, chains cannot keep little Kitty home to-night! If you only knew!"

But Mr. Kanell did not know. He was invited, and had sent his "regrets," as he always did, and thought no more about it. After dinner he went into the stiffly-elegant parlour, where he read the evening news until Kitty had sung him three or four songs, according to custom, when he shortly after remarked to her, as if she had been an infant of five years—"Tis nine o'clock—time for children to be in bed, and she kissed him formally and ran up-stairs to her room.

"Is it done?" she asked, breathlessly, as she burst into the handsome chamber, where Eliza sat sewing on some fleecy tissue white and light like thistledown.

"Not quite, Miss Kanell."

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"Roman pearls she had worn; the bracelets on her white, dimpled wrists; Eliza fastened the splendid ornament in her gold hair, and pinning on her breast, some pink rose-buds from a bunch on her table, Kitty Kanell was satisfied.

Eliza fastened the splendid ornament in her gold hair, and pinning on her breast, some pink rose-buds from a bunch on her table, Kitty Kanell was satisfied.

"Oh, miss, you are too beautiful!" ejaculated the girl.

"I do look scrum, that's a fact. Now, Eliza, unlock the door very softly and reconnoiter."

In about three minutes the girl reported:

"A light in Miss Parseley's room, but your father's room is all dark under the door, an the house is shut an' Patrick gone to the attic."

"I'll lock my door; then, if old fox comes sh'll think I'm asleep. Now, 'Come on, Macduff!'

Mistress and maid went noiselessly down the velvet-clad stairs, through the hall, down to the basement, and out into the chilly area.

"The City Hall clock strikes ten. We're in very good time, Eliza. Oh, what a lovely lady we're having! I only hope papa will never find it out."

The house from which the two crept forth was one of the finest on a certain fine street on Brooklyn Heights. A chilly wind came whistling from over the bay; the stars glittered high up in the frosty sky; Kitty clung to her maid's stout arm, and they scuttled along, turned a corner, and soon rung the bell of a brilliantly-lighted residence.

Ten minutes later Kitty divested of her wraps, entered the crowded drawing-room alone. Any temporary embarrassment she may have felt was soon relieved, for Lilia came quickly to her.

"So you got away! I'm so glad. How lovely you look! Where in the world did all those diamonds come from?"

"My own, of course. Is the count here?"

"Yes. Look over to the left of the piano. That slender, dark, dignified gentleman. I'll manage to introduce you in a few moments. He's perfectly splendid!"

Very shortly after that, Kitty Kanell, blushing, glowing, blue eyes glittering with excitement, looking irresistibly lovely, was presented to Sir FATE, and cast one glance half-sly, half-bold, into a pair of black, brilliant, inscrutable eyes which kindled with an expression of unmistakable interest at sight of her.

"CHAPTER II.

### SURREPTITIOUS BLISS.

Oh, where's the heart so wise  
Could, unbeloved, meet those matchless eyes?

Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
Like those of angels just before their fall."

—TOM MOORE.

FLORIAN FENN was tired of life.

His engagement with Miss Bayard was off.

He and Lilia had quarrelled.

This was a pity, since they seemed suited to each other, both families had agreed to the match and society had congratulated. Nobody

knew for certain what they had quarreled about, but it was suspected to be the count.

Miss Bayard had met him in Newport, where she was visiting a friend through the month of September; he was on intimate visiting terms with the family, and she had become very friendly with him.

The Count Cicarini had been a wonderful favorite that summer, welcome at the most exclusive villas and cottages, petted by ladies married and unmarried. He was an elegant fellow, speaking deliciously bad English and perfect French, who led the German as if to the manner born, and preserved, through all the gayeties of the fashionable season, an air of reserve, almost of sadness, which was irresistibly interesting, adding a last charm to his dark, romantic beauty. Lilia certainly did admire him warmly; but, that Florian was justified in being so madly jealous, that was another matter. She resented his suspicions and broke off the engagement.

After that, she did, indeed, flirt outrageously with the count, who came to New York the same week that she returned to her friends in Brooklyn, and who found time to cross the ferry three or four times to visit at her hotel.

The whole autumn had fitted away, Florian had not made up his quarrel with her, and now it was December, and she had given a brilliant reception in the count's honor, without so much as sending an invitation to her lover.

This reception was the one to which Kitty Kanell had stolen away, escorted by her maid.

Kitty and Lilia were very great friends, though Kitty was nearly three years the younger of the two. Lilia had not felt at liberty to invite Kitty to her party, although she wished her to come, knowing that Mr. Kanell would refuse permission; but the wild little creature scouted the proprieties, declaring that she was coming "if the heavens fell."

"You know, very well, Lilia, that I have not yet met your wonderful count, often as he visits here. Now, I shall be put off no longer. I shall be there!"

Perhaps Lilia, realizing the romance, the imprudence, the emotional nature of little Kitty had purposely avoided bringing the two together.

If so, the mischief was done now.

Kitty Kanell, in her blue silk and fleecy illustration, her flashing jewels, her childish beauty, was smiling up in the dark face of the young count, her eyes a dazzling blue, her cheeks flushed, about her pretty mouth a gay, daring, mischievous smile, her whole face and figure breathing of the arch, willful, half-sweet, half-defiant nature which made her what she was—different from every other girl that ever lived or breathed.

Cicarini's curiosity was aroused at the sight of such a mere child coming in alone, as she had done, so richly dressed and so plainly lovely.

Lilia had stared deeply into the handsome foreigner; she would have been as wretched as she had made poor Florian, for the count made on his fancy or his curiosity by Miss Kanell.

Kitty had the bliss and triumph of two round dances with him. "Ah! what a witching world this is! How glad she was she had come! What! be at home and asleep, when she could be here floating around and around to delicious music, amid lights and the perfumes of flowers, those dark eyes gazing gravely down into her own, that low voice speaking softly at her ear! No, no, no! Kitty could not sufficiently congratulate herself on having had the boldness to defy her father's wishes and steal away into this fairy scene. She danced like thistle down, and the count enjoyed having her for a partner. He was making a study all the time, too, of her costume.

It was easy for him, a man of the world, to see that Kitty had more enthusiasm than discretion, more spirit than prudence, more romantic notions than practical ideas. She was very, very charming, that was certain, and he almost told her so.

Somebody asked Kitty to sing. The dancing was suspended. Lilia played for her and she sung two songs, one from the opera of *Mignon*, and one a ballad.

If Cicarini had been surprised and interested before, he was doubly so now.

yet hearing every word of silly little Kitty's rhapsody. A sudden sparkle came into his deep eyes, but his lids were down so that no one observed it. The next moment, and before Miss Kanell had gotten ready to leave the rooms, he held out his hand to his young hostess, saying—

"I have had a change of heart, I suppose, but you must now say good-night. I have the fare to cross, and it will be late before I reach my hotel. Please make my adieux to your parents, Miss Bayard, and I will steal quietly away," and with a profound bow and a glittering smile to Miss Kanell, he turned and glided through the silent crowd.

"The rooms grow dark," cried Kitty, with a mock-tragic sigh: "I'm willing to go now, Lilia. Good-by, sweet love. I'll run over in the morning to talk it all over."

She made her way to the dressing-room where the faithful Eliza wrapped a warm cloak about her young mistress and conducted her down and out upon the street.

"I'm not bit afraid, are you?" laughed Miss Kanell, glancing up and down the quiet, well-lighted street.

"Sure, we'll be home, miss, inside of two minutes" and so, by walking rapidly, they were; with only one little adventure on the way, too slight to be thought of again, after the little shriek which Kitty gave had died away.

They hurriedly turned the gusty corner on to their own street they came in collision with a man, also almost running, with such violence that Kitty fell. The pedestrian, without a word, quickly set her on her feet and went his way.

Kitty laughed over the ludicrous incident as soon as she was safe in the basement of her father's house, but, when she had crept noiselessly back to her chamber, and Eliza had lighted the gas, and she stood looking at her own beautiful image, all in a flutter of joy and gratified vanity, she suddenly gave a slight cry of dismay.

"What is it, my darling mistress?"

"Oh, Eliza! my necklace! my diamond necklace!"

"It was gone!"

"It must have come off when you fell," said the girl, beginning to tremble. "You stay here; I will run back and look for it. It will be there. None need know it but me."

Kitty waited a long time before Eliza returned, very downcast and forced to acknowledge that she had not been able to find the missing ornament.

"Papa will kill me," sobbed Kitty. "It was worth oh, ever so much money—and it used to be mamma's."

So her night of rapture ended in tears. Stolen sweets almost always leave a bitter taste.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GET THERE TO A NUNNERY—GO!

If that loves me, darling,  
In that is all said,  
Why wait till life's roses,  
The sweet test, are dead?  
I do then, I call them  
When we're happy, dead,  
What matters the tempest  
That breaks overhead?

THREE times within the week succeeding the party Kitty Kanell met Cincarini in Miss Bayard's drawing-room. The child was perfectly fascinated. She had no art or power to hide from those searching eyes the feelings which made her own lids droop and cheeks flush and heart throb so quickly, so sweetly and wildly. Even Lilia saw what was going on, growing alarmed for the consequences to Kitty, since she was not at all assured that the count was a marrying man—or that he was not.

For Kitty, she did not stop to question herself or him. All that she knew or cared was, to be in his company. She had a great trouble on her mind, but her happiness enabled her to put it aside, much of the time. She was miserable when she thought about the lost necklace, because she had not yet summoned the courage to tell her father. She could not confess to him without betraying that she had been out at night in spite of his wishes and orders. Eliza would be blamed and dismissed, too; so the reckless child kept her lips shut, when, perhaps, by advertising his loss, Mr. Kanell might have recovered the diamonds.

The little girl met Kitty the next day so surprised, that she was singing a song for him in his own liquid Italian tongue, a servant called Miss Bayard from the room to go upstairs to her mother, who desired to consult her about some shopping to be done that morning.

Instantly, when they were alone together, the count—who had been turning the music for her—lent close to Kitty's velvet cheek and murmured in her ear:

"Darling, do you love me? Speak, quickly, before any one comes. You are the angel of my destiny!—never have I known what it was to be infatuated with a woman until your blue eyes smil'd on me. I love you—*now* I want you to be my wife some day. Am I rash? Do my eyes deceive me, or are these blushing signs of ascent?"

"You must take me to your father—must allow me to talk to him and tell him about myself, and beg from him the sweet privilege of your acquaintance, my lovely child, my star, my little rosebud! Look in my eyes, sweet one! Do you love me? One little whisper will make me happy. Ah, certainly, it was Fate which urged me to come to this beautiful country that I might here find the other half of my being, the charming child-woman who is to be my wife. Is it not so? Look up and whisper your answer, little rosebud."

Kitty's pure blue eyes, resplendent with rapture, shone up into his like two suns; her cheeks grew red as damask roses; there was no fear, no doubt, scarcely any timidity in her wild little heart, that never had submitted to the rules which guide ordinary mortals.

"So you really, *really* love me, and you a count?"

A flickering smile appeared and disappeared in the black eyes.

"If I were an emperor I should not be good enough for you, my angel."

"I ador you, little rosebud!"

"So do I you," she said, simply, looking down. He caught up one of her satin hands, white as the ivory keys it rested on, and pressed it to his lips.

"When may I call on your father?—this evening?"

"Yes. I hope papa will like you," she added, wistfully.

"Is he very hard to please?" asked the count, in a singular voice.

"I am only a little girl, you know, or papa thinks so. I don't believe he will be satisfied to have any one make love to me for the next five years. Oh, Count Cincarini, do come and make me your wife! for I shall die if he is cross to you. How often? Once little while ago did not know you were in existence—at least, I had not met you—and now, now, you are—a part of my very life!" she whispered, with starting earnestness; then blushing vividly, she added: "I am not like other girls. I know I am utterly wild and reckless; I do whatever comes into my head, and say what I think; but I will try to improve—I will, indeed."

"I prefer you, just as you are, sweet one," he said, gallantly, and then Lilia came back into the room to behold Kitty, in a low voice, as he accompanied her to the door, "I am coming to speak to Monsieur Kanell this evening."

It was a curious astronomy lesson which the governess heard that morning. She was obliged to give it up in despair and send Kitty in disgrace to her room; but the culprit did not appear at all distressed—she fairly sparkled.

Never were Kitty's eyes so dazzling, her cheeks so rosy, her indifference to a scolding so provoking.

By dinner-time she was pale and distraught, however, and had so poor an appetite that her father noticed it, wondering to see the color leach into her face as soon as he spoke to her.

After dinner, in the parlor, she turned as white as a lily when the bell rung and a card was brought in by Patrik.

"Who the deuce is the Count Cincarini?" exclaimed Mr. Kanell, sneeringly, when he had glanced at the card. "I have not the honor of an acquaintance with any counts."

"Oh, papa, he is a friend of the Bayards—a real gentleman. Mr. Bayard met him in Italy. He asked permission to call upon you this evening—and I said—that he might. Do see him, papa."

"Oh, certainly!" said the father, turning away from his confused, trembling, guilty and yet happy daughter. "Ask him to come in, Patrik."

Then Kitty flew out into the library as the grave, calm, self-possessed, elegant stranger bowed at the drawing room door.

Up to her room she rushed, buried her tingling face in the pillows of a lounge and lay there wishing her heart would stop beating so loudly in her ears—that she could hear what those two were saying—that she could know what the end would be.

"Oh, Eliza, Eliza," she panted, "would you believe it? Oh, this impression is intolerable! Papa is a foreigner! Oh, Eliza! I have stolen to the keyhole of the door and come and tell me what you said to him! Go this minute! I must know! This is awfully scrub—but, I wish we were over!"

Well, it was over soon enough.

The following morning Lilia Bayard received a note from her friend, *per* a ragged little boy, which read:

"DEAR LILIA: all is over. Papa is in a rage. Oh, he is so hard-hearted! He told my darling that I should never marry a foreigner—nor marry at all unless I have a year's allowance. He told me his money was given to go to support an unscrupulous nobleman at the gambling-table of Monaco! Lily, I shall die! You know how rich the count is, and how gentlemanly—to have him insulted so. I tell you, it is a scene, papa, and I! He knows about the lost necklace now, and I'm glad we were over!"

"It is what is, my darling mistress?"

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So her night of rapture ended in tears. Stolen sweets almost always leave a bitter taste.

### ANSWERED.

BY WILLIAM LISBEE.

"True, but you forget who I ha' been out with. The captain ain't the man to let his boatman be a-hungred. We war down the day far as Symond's yat, where he treated me to dinner at the hotel. The daintiest kind o' dinner, too. No wonder at my not havin' much care for eatin' now—nice as you've made things, mother."

"Less from observing his abstraction than the slow, negligent movements of his knife and fork, the Mary made appearance at the mouth of the wash, and soon as the boat was docked, done. It is now on the table, alongside the teapot; its savory odor mingling with the fragrance of the freshly 'drawn' tea, fills the cottage kitchen with a perfume to delight the gods.

For all, it gives no gratification to Jack Win-

gate, the waterman. The appetizing smell of meat, and the more ethereal aroma of the Chinese shrub, are alike lost upon him. Appetite he has none, and his thoughts are else-

"What's the matter with ye, Jack? Ye don't eat!"

"I ain't hungry, mother."

"But ye been out since mornin', and took nothing wi' you!"

"True; but you forget who I ha' been out with. The captain ain't the man to let his boat-

man be a-hungred. We war down the day far as Symond's yat, where he treated me to dinner at the hotel. The daintiest kind o' dinner, too. No wonder at my not havin' much care for eatin' now—nice as you've made things, mother."

"Tell me now, mother."

"It hadn't naught to do wi' us ourselves, after all. Only concernin' them as live nearest them?"

"Hal the Morgans?"

"Yes; the Morgans."

"Oh, mother what did you dream about them?"

"That I war standin' on the big hill above their house, in the middle o' the night, wi' black darkness all round me; and there lookin' down what should I see comin' out o' their door?"

"What?"

"The canwyll corph!"

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"Yes, I war standin' on the big hill above their house, in the middle o' the night, wi' black darkness all round me; and there lookin' down what should I see comin' out o' their door?"

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"What?"

on to the river, and there surely drowned, if not before.

It is no dread of any of these dangers which causes Mary Morgan to stand considering which route she will take. She has stepped that plank on nights dark as this, even since it became detached from the fastenings, and is well acquainted with its ways. Were there naught else, she would go straight over it, and along the footpath, which passes the "big elm." But it is just because passes the elm she has now paused and is pondering. Her errand calls for haste, and there she would meet a man, sure to delay her.

She intended meeting him for all that, and being delayed; but not till on her way back. Considering the darkness and obstructions on the footpath she may go quicker by the road though roundabout. Returning she can take the path.

This thought in her mind, with, perhaps, remembrance of the old adage, "business before pleasure," decides her; and drawing closer her cloak, she sets off along the lane.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

#### THE SHEPHERD'S CONFESSION.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

"He whose cold heart love cannot move,  
Who feels its thrill no more, is dead;  
Who values life when love has died,  
What but a burden can he prove?"

When first, on yonder grassy slope,  
Bewitching Mary met my view  
And, smiling, fixed some Highland buds  
Upon my breast, what did I do?

Not all I should, but all I could,  
And that was but to blush and shiver  
And deem the flowerets thrice as sweet,  
If I could kiss the lovely giver!

I could but smile, while I saw  
The darling donor bounding on,  
Like some wee mountain fairy who  
Is hardly come before she's gone.

Oh rare, thought I, must be the joy  
The youth shall feel who'll have the pleasure  
Of calling that fair maid his own,  
And toiling for the comely treasure!

Next day I met my charming fay,  
Old Ben Lomond's craggy rocks,  
With hirsute gown and crook in hand,  
Attending to her father's flock.

Aud, making bold, I made a bow,  
And pointing to the blushing heather,  
Requested her to let me hear  
My pipes and her sweet voice, together.

Six suns have passed since still  
For still, I think her voice remains  
In those amazed, enraptured ears,  
So sweet and soothed were the strains!

And if, by chance, her azure eyes  
Fall on my own, my heart would flutter  
Like some poor wounded birdling's wing  
That vainly sweeps the crimson gutter.

Thereafter, lovely Mary found  
A singular delight in song,  
For, day by day, she came to me—  
Ah, yes, she came and waited long.

And light as dew that falls at eve  
Upon the tender, verdant clover,  
Seems Mary's feet upon the sward,  
While spangled through her mountain rover.

Her dear blue eyes would gaze in mine,  
While asking were my vows sincere,  
And as my answer reached her heart,  
They sparkled through the joyful tear.

"Until the lamb shall slay the wolf,  
Until the eagle fears the plover,  
Until the lion dreads the calf,  
I said, 'Till be your faithful lover."

But jealousy succeeded, once,  
I had a secret, dark desire,  
Because I found, upon her breast,  
The buds that faded on my own.

And, say, would you, devoted swains—  
Would you, I ask you, not refuse 'em,  
Although so innocent, a place,  
Upon your own "intended's" bosom?

Oh, here was fair and pure, I know,  
For angels, even, could not find  
One sign of unangelic thought.  
In modest Mary's saintly mind.

But where is lovely Mary now?  
Oh, maybe, Cupid, you can tell us!  
Has my fair shepherdess likewise  
Become suspicious, cool and jealous?

Let me behold her graceful air,  
Her marble brow and silken lashes,  
Her golden hair and azure eyes,  
From which the light of beauty flashes!

Alas! alas! my dearie lies,  
Rival Death's severe embrace,  
And he has kissed her virgin lips  
And spoiled her loveliness of face!

Then shall I check the crystal tear  
My faithful heart is pressed to Mary,  
Nor is there in me any appetite  
And thus, to Nature act contrary?

Oh, no! I will not try to stem  
The drops affection wills to flow;  
And if no man gives way to them  
Let mine be woman's sign of woe!

#### Whom Will She Marry? OR, BETH FOSS,

#### The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,  
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### STRIKING A CLEW.

"Our toils, my friend, are crown'd with sure success."

"You here, Bethel, so early?"

"Yes, and I have been waiting a little before they would admit me. I could not let another day, nor hour, pass without making a request of you, Max."

"A request, my wild-rose! I have not much power to grant favors, now," sadly. "What is it?" and he marveled that Bethel stood before him flushed, nervous, and with downcast eyes.

"But you can grant this! If you really wish to marry me, you can do it now!"

"Marry you, now! Bethel, what do you mean? Can you think, for one instant, that I would link any woman's name with mine until I am a free man, and positively cleared in the eyes of the world from any stain of crime?"

"But, Max, suppose that cannot be done! What difference does it make to me? And, think, your trial is only two days away now! Oh, marry me, Max! Marry me! Do not let me testify against you!"

Bethel, dear, is that why you wish me to marry you?"

Bethel looked his assent.

"It was good of you to think of this—"

"I did not think of it," explained Bethel. "It was Beata; and if she were here she would have her way! Oh, Max, I am not half as worthy your love and devotion as Beata Hallgarten. You ought to marry her!"

"Marry Beata Hallgarten! Bethel, if ever the time comes when, as a free, cleared man, I can again ask you to be my wife, will your answer be different from what it once was? Have you ceased to love me, that you talk to me of marrying some one else?"

Max was scarcely thinking of Bethel's strange suggestion; but of whether a fear that had been growing upon him—a fear that Bethel was not guided by the deepest, truest needs of her heart, in consenting to become his wife—that she did not love him and, perhaps, never would, as he had come to long some woman would—was a positive reality.

"Would my answer be different? Oh, no; if I married you, should I not, surely, in time, come to feel as I wish—utterly at rest and satisfied?" speaking wistfully, and more as if com-

muning with herself than with him. Then, looking up with a sad smile: "And do I not belong to you? But, Max, your cousin loves you as I have imagined some women can love, but as I think few do. She would lay down her life for yours; almost, I think, to give you a moment's happiness. And she is so unselfish, so grand, so good, and her life is so full of ambition, and purpose, and accomplishment, that it seems as if she was far more fitted to be the wife of any man than I am."

Bethel was very grave.

"But if I wanted you, wild-rose? If I wanted you?" and there was a cadence in his voice almost like the sound of a sob. It was hard to part with idol and ideal; but he was coming to feel that perhaps it would be wiser so; and when Bethel again urged the errand which had brought her, he very kindly, but imperatively, closed their interview by assuring her that any such project must be entirely dismissed. That she must go upon the witness-stand and testify to the truth, without any thought of pity for him or condemnation for herself.

Never in his life had Jack Prentiss been so feverishly consumed with excitement as upon the morning following that conversation with Nita. He had slept none during the night, and long before sunrise was up and pacing his dressing-room, utterly absorbed in earnest interest.

"Now," said Mrs. Tremaine, the lawyer, when he placed Miss Foss in her carriage and gave the coachman orders to drive home, "you must keep cool and brave. Miss Bethel, in the midst of all this excitement. Remember that much depends upon your betraying nothing."

"I think you may trust me," replied Bethel, firmly.

It was a strange interview that Jack Prentiss held with his father-in-law, this easy, good-natured, dissipated gambler, that ended with an appointment to be kept in Messrs. Tremaine and Maitland's office later in the evening.

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"Now," said Mrs. Tremaine, the lawyer, when he placed Miss Foss in her carriage and gave the coach



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is a powerful and brilliant story of the terrible French Revolution, during the dreadful reign of the Guillotine—just historic enough in character to use the real events and persons of that awful period as its *materiel*, but a story of love, devotion, heroism and sacrifice so affecting as to make its perusal deeply exciting and arresting, viz.:

## THE MAN OF STEEL;

OR,

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

### A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE," "THE BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "THE SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC.

**PLEASANT MENTION.**—To thank the press for its complimentary mention of the SATURDAY JOURNAL seems supererogatory, since "they all do it"; and all we can do in return is to say we fully appreciate the many—many kindly notices.

Our "fall campaign" is full of promise to our readers. We have such a stock of good things, already in hand, and such arrangements for good things to come, as will render the SATURDAY JOURNAL incomparable for interest, entertainment and instruction.

One unique feature of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is its series of sketches—each complete, yet all from one hand and more or less connected in interest and personality. Those by Capt. Satterlee Plummer, U. S. A.; by C. D. Clark, Frank Davis and Oll Coomes; by Edward L. Wheeler, now running through the paper; and a new series to follow, of deeply interesting and all-true stories of Texan frontier life and characters, from Major Sam S. Hall, certainly have constituted, and will continue to constitute, a very attractive feature of our weekly.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Bouquets.

BOUQUETS, and all kinds of wild flowers; the wild flowers that belong to the golden days of autumn; not the fragile, delicate offspring of April showers and May sunshine, but the glowing, royal-hued, spicy-scented blossoms that tangle the hedgerows and sprinkle the woodlands, and submerge the meadows through the months of September and October, with glory and fragrance. From rocky cliff and ferny dell, from swamp and forest, from pasture-land and roadside, from the despised bit of waste land at the foot of the garden, from the woods just back of the house, from about the very kitchen door, I garner my treasures and group them for my friends, and claim for them artistic merits. Fresh from the hands of Nature—the greatest of all artists—stained with her most brilliant dyes, and fashioned by her peerless hands, who shall dare to turn them from, failing to find aught to praise of grace and beauty?

From the half-cleared woodland down by the old deserted pier, I bring you an "austere" thistle; right kingly in its garb of purple and proudly intrenched within its thorny calyx, circle it with the great yellow-fringed, brown-hearded, "patient" ox-eyes, blossoming over in the meadow yonder. Plunge these in a low jar among handfuls of the dark, shiny, spiky ferns from along the rocky bits of roadside, and, for the table in your hall, or the space just in front of the parlor fireplace, you have a subject to be a "somebody else."

In fields, and lanes, and woods, and gardens, and door-yards, I gather you sprays of tiny Michaelmas daisies, the darling little flowerlets that herald Queen Flora's "farewell" to summer. Crowd your glasses, and vases, and china jugs full of the dainty white and pink and lavender blooms, with their lace-like fringes set round a drop of gold. Put feathery spikes of seeded grasses with them, and here and there a deep-hued purple aster, and a bunch of "gaz" late-blooming buttercups, and the pure "innocent" face of the last field daisies, and one "splendid" velvety maroon plume of the sunmash; in their midst bury a few sprigs of the spicy brook-mint, and fling the soft banners of wavy ferns; over the sides of the vases spill the scarlet-leaved runners of the wood-strawberry and the aromatic tendrils of wild grape-vines. Set the fragrant graceful groups on mantles, in window-seats, before the pier-glass upon tables and brackets,

and the piano, and the beautifl; in parlor and hall, dining-room and kitchen, and every sleeping apartment. See to it that the Michaelmas daisies smile everywhere, for the blossoms and glory of the autumn will soon die under the chill kisses of dark, fierce winter.

Up from search in the sweetest nooks of the meadows, I bring you some late clover-heads; great, honey-full pink ones symbolic of "industry," little nodding white ones for "remembrance," and a four-leaved one for "good luck"; here too, are a few "childish" king-cups with their chalices of gold, one "rustic oracle"—a starry dandelion—half a dozen modest Marguerites, and the last faintly-fragrant, pale-yellow primrose that will bloom this season next to a knot of blue ragged-robin. Crowd them into that ivory hand—the toy will hold no others of their kind this year.

And now I climb rocky banks to tear down great clusters of golden and royally purple asters; search the fields for spikes of creamy snap-dragon; I jump from stone to stone in the brook, to seize the capricious, dainty, dangling orange lady-slippers; by the side of fences I break off splendid waving tufts of gold rod; for a dash of scarlet to put with this kingly coloring of purple and gold I snatch a bough of vivid reddened autumn foliage; and smother all in a white mist of wild-carrot and a greenery of ferns. Put the beauties where you will—this study for an artist, and they will laugh out through their white and green cloudiness and fill the room with brightness.

Last of all, from the hedges, the forest, the rough hillside and the mossy hollow, I fill baskets and brackets for your walls with the brown shafts of the cat-tails, milk-weed pods that have burst into a mound of silver, thistles from which the thorny calyx, and the too ripe purple top have been torn away, leaving a snowy, spherical puff of down, sprays of dried golden-rod and snowy bunches of odorous balsam, soft brown heads of swamp-grass, the orange-capped, scarlet-centered bitter-sweet berries, the red pendants of the barberry, and the bronzed leaves of the whortleberry, heads of wheat and sprays of oats and ferns and grasses, dried, and banners of blood-red leaves, so full, so full, that the receptacles run over as I crowd in the wild ivy with its deep blue berries and five-fingered, brilliant leaves, the trailing Hartford fern, and garlands of snowy clematis. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,

### SOMEBODY ELSE.

Did you ever think how tired we sometimes become of ourselves—how we would like to run away from our very selves if we could?

Now, if we often grow so weary of ourselves can we wonder that others tire of us?

But that is not what I intended to comment upon.

I think the reason we are so fond of "dabbling" in private theatricals, performing in charades, dialogues and tableaux, is because we want to be "somebody else" for a while, and thus sink our identity in the characters we assume for the time being—to see how we would act and do under certain circumstances, if persons could really and truly forget themselves in their mimic personations we might have better actors and actresses.

We are so egotistical and so very thoughtful of ourselves, that we can never get the great I out of our own minds.

How often have I been asked why authors have to hide themselves behind *noms de plume*. There may be several reasons—timidity, bashfulness, a desire to mystify readers and cause them to wonder who the writers really are; or, they may be ashamed of their productions to such an extent as to have no desire to append their real names to the same.

"Do you speak for yourself in that last remark, Eve?" Excuse me, that question is not before the meetin'-house for discussion just now!

I think the real truth of the matter lies in their wishing to be "somebody else." They—while writing—assume the character of the *nom de plume* they take, and it prevents them from putting too much of themselves upon paper.

It is no news to tell you that authors are human beings, and they sometimes like to get away from themselves just as other people do. It is a relaxation to them, and these "*noms*" are but a harmless masquerade, anyway.

Do not the little folks want to grow up into men and women? Do they not mimic the manners of their elders? Do they not like to be dressed like "little men" and "little women"?

Charley is never more pleased than when he struts about with papa's hat and cane, while Gracie is "almost made" when she dons mother's bonnet and shawl. Even they want to be "somebody else!"

And the middle-aged and old folks—do they not often wish themselves young again? to have their childhood back? to grow down again? They want to be "somebody else" just as they wanted to be "somebody else" when they were stepping into manhood and womanhood. As youngsters they played "make believe," as youths and maidens they did the same, and now in age they want to be not what they are but what they used to be!

Tom Lawless often has young men come to visit him, and how often have I seen him and his friends change hats with each other when they have gone away riding, fishing and hunting. I have often wondered if it was this strong desire for change which made them do so. Tom says: "A fellow feels like somebody else to have another fellow's hat on," and so, I presume, I am right in my inferences.

Cadillps were wont to "prowl" around Bagdad in disguise—it was not for the love of being for awhile "somebody else!"

Detectives are said to be infatuated with their profession, as it gives them a chance to sustain a varied round of characters and to be "somebody else."

Some of those who have held high positions in church and State have turned out to be the most arrant rogues in existence; their piety was assumed—twas but a cloak to hide their great and grievous sins; they were *acting a part*, and while they played the saint they were the vilest of sinners—the wolf in sheep's clothing. Yes, they were "somebody else."

The servants ape the airs and graces of masters and mistresses while those very employers are aping those who are superior to them.

Life is one great man-quarade, in which we disguise ourselves, our thoughts, actions and motives.

Sometimes, when the masks fall from the faces, what hideous sights meet our gaze! Many whom we have thought to be perfection sink to the level of the sin-stained criminal; they have deceived others with their other self; the mask has been kept on for years and years, but after it has fallen we can then realize how very—very true it is that, to be "somebody else," is the study of innumerable lives.

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Home Decoration.

HOME decoration is just now all the rage, and is occupying the attention of good wives who don't keep a girl and of course haven't anything on hand to do.

I think it is a glorious art, and feel like doing everything I can to encourage it. I say decorate your home. If you haven't a home to decorate then come and decorate mine. This is the only way to make home happy and keep your husband there. You see, that if you fix up everything in this late style it will take him some time to look and inspect the articles, and, of course, he can't leave if he is anyways interested, as he ought to be. If you fix up everything right he will then have no time to think of going down-town, and that in these times is the main idea of home decoration, according to me.

As to this beautiful art a few hints may possibly serve as insinuations. Take for instance the matter-of-fact boot-jack, a little bead-work or embroidery in chenille, or cochineal, will make it a thing of life and a joy forever, which you can set upon the center-table, and which will entice your husband as soon as he comes home to pull his boots off, when you can take him and hide them, and if he will go downtown again he will have to go in his stocking feet.

If you have any ingenious spiders about your house you can set them to work on the parlor windows, and in a few days you will have lace curtains not made with hands which will surpass the most costly imported ones, and will cost you nothing at all. I frequently notice that this idea is understood in some homes, but it is not carried to the extent that it should be. This article also makes a very elaborate covering for picture-frames, and serves to fill up odd corners of the room where you can't reach it with a broom, unless you get up on a chair.

Piebald in aspect as a dish-rag is it can be made an object of attraction to hang upon the wall by a judicious display of silk fringe-work upon it and a bouquet of flowers carefully worked in the center of it. No one would ever suspect what it was, and even women themselves would be glad to handle it with more alacrity than they do at present.

Old furniture is highly prized by connoisseurs and is very eagerly sought after. A slight sprinkling of dust artistically distributed over the chairs, sofas and bureaus will lend an antique air to them which can be effected in no other way unless you tumble them down-stairs every day, or go among them with a club.

The plain, unassuming ash-bucket is a simple thing and yet it can be made an object of interest by simply inlaying it with a lining of silk, worked with flowers, and coming the keramic on it on the outside in fanciful designs. It will be able then to inhabit the parlor and no questions asked.

There is the despised and disused mop—it is in your own kitchens and yet you would sooner even to touch it! Beautifully wrought with beadwork and lace designs and the handles painted in rustic patterns, very few things can surpass it as an ornament for the drawing-room. It will require some work on the part of the ballad once, Bill sent for him, saying: "Go to the treasurer of my company, get your \$20, then travel at once, and keep traveling until you find those friends of your youth, about whom you have been singing, and don't stop until you find them down-stairs every day, or go among them with a club."

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Picture for the drawing-room are now in vogue. You can exert your skill in painting your husband drawing off his boots, throwing in the subtlety of expression and the far-offness of look very sweetly. You can also draw your husband drawing his salary after a heavy dry-goods draw; be careful of the expression of countenance. Have a picture of him drawing water with a two-horse power windlass for the wash and try to improve on Nature.

Your front windows, which are broken, can be beautifully ornamented in the classic style of art by inserting common straw hats with wire to suit the age, or pillows beautifully ornamented with embroidery in the medieval style of art. It will be able then to inhabit the parlor and no questions asked.

Take the common unsightly grease-pot on the hole in the heels of stockings by simply embroidering them in the shape of birds or flowers or other fanciful designs. Patterns in lead-work are also applicable.

A very fine artistic effect can be produced on the holes in the heels of stockings by simply embroidering them in the shape of birds or flowers or other fanciful designs. Patterns in lead-work are also applicable.

One of the most beautiful ornaments to the household, which women somehow fail to notice, is a collar button sewed on so that it won't come off the next time a collar is buttoned on. It requires a little more patience than is usually exhibited, but it is very effective in its effect.

Towels, common everyday towels, can be fringed, braided and embroidered that they may serve as tapers in the parlor.

Towels, common everyday towels, can be fringed, braided and embroidered that they may serve as tapers in the parlor.

The parlor tongs for beauty and convenience could be dressed up in pants, jacket and hat, somewhat in sailor fashion, and make quite an interesting ornament for the chimney corner.

Wherever the plaster is broken you can make a rustic frame and put it over the place with a glass and call it a picture of a hole in the wall by some great master. It will be perfect that but few will be able to tell the difference.

Perhaps the best things for home decoration are smiles—a few of which scattered around here and there are better than tides with impossible animals worked in red, or stands made out of flour barrels.

Thoughtfully,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

How many friendships begin in school, and end in the social circle of society, where one goes up and another goes down! How many friendships begin in college, and wax and wane as the students rise and fall; and how many friendships begin in the great race and competition of life, one rises higher and higher, and the other sinks lower and lower! How much there is of friendship that is counterfeit and false!

### Topics of the Time.

In Hayti it now takes two thousand dollars of the paper to be money to be money to buy a breakfast.

An article going the rounds says: "Some of the best of Longfellow's earlier poems were sold to *Graham's Magazine* for small sums. Except of course, for 'Hiawatha' which did not pay much and for which Longfellow did not write there were then no other periodicals than paid for poetry." Mr. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor"—he has given his authority for stating first appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, showing that he did write for that old magazine.

The Chinese Ambassador is described as a man of imposing appearance, between sixty and seventy, with a kindly and intelligent face. He is slight and tall and has very courteous manners. In the credentials which they brought from their emperor, he and his suite are mentioned as "just and honorable men." We make an egregious mistake in judging the Chinese race by the Celestials who haunt this country as washerwomen, cigar-peddlers and junkmen. In China this class are the very lowest of the people.

It is centuries that the Russian Church has been striving to convert from Mahometanism the Tartars in Europe, but with a total result of loss rather than gain. In spite of this the Czar has resolved to drive the Tartars out of Central Asia, to missionary enterprise, and *The London Globe* says arrangements are being made for the establishment of a regular crusade in every part of Turkistan. Heretofore the governing-general has strenuously opposed missionary work in these provinces, but now that they are to be *Russianized* the Mongol is to be changed into the Greek. Can the leopard change his spots?

—Oblique, a Naples banker, proposes to build a railway from the foot of Vesuvius to the crater. A double line, supported on pillars, and 919 yards long, will carry the trains, each consisting of four carriages holding four passengers each, and will be moved by wire rope connected with stationary engines. As one train ascends, the other will come down. Each carriage will be fitted with automatic brakes. There are those who think that this will take all the romance out of the road, and who sneeringly ask if the crater is to be shown by night. Others say that year by year, "noteable undertakings" are being undertaken which are as strange and beautiful in nature.

—Buffalo Bill relates many amusing incidents connected with his brief theatrical career, of which will suffice. While in Boston he engaged a gentleman to sing on the stage. The party in question was a Bostonian and considered himself an adept in vocal music. Bill contracted to pay him \$20 per night, to sing one ballad. The singer chose "Where are the Friends of My Youth?" After screeching through the ballad once, Bill sent for him, saying: "Go to the treasurer of my company, get your \$2

**CRISTELLA.**

BY WM. W. LONG.

The sun went down in a cloud of gold,  
To his palace home in the west,  
As I bade my love a last good-by,  
And held her to my breast.

I felt her heart beat soft and low,  
As I held her face to mine;  
And looked my last in her dark eyes bright,  
On the banks of the river Rhine.

As we marched away in the gathering gloom,  
To fields of blood and strife,  
I cursed the blackness that hid from view  
The purest hope of my life.

On many a field of blood I fought,  
With the air of all astane,  
Mid the shriek of shell and burst of shell,  
To win what the world calls fame.

The fame that came when my heart was sick  
With its barren waste of years,  
A heart whose hopes lay withered and dead,  
Crowned in a wreath of tears.

To-night, as I stand in my palace home—  
In my castle proud and grand—  
I see from a cottage across the way  
The gleam of a fair white hand!

I catch the sound of laughter sweet,  
From a woman over there,  
And then I see at the cottage door  
A face that is strangely fair.

She gazes out in the thickening gloom  
Her children's fire to see,  
With never a thought, with never a look,  
With never a word for me.

Then the cottage door shuts out the gleam  
Of the fire-light's cheerful glow,  
And I turn and stroll thro' my lonely halls  
Black with their shrouds of woe.

Thick and heavy the clouds pass in,  
Dividing her life and mine,

As I in fastness of those sweet dream,  
In my castle by the Rhine.

**Love Against Lucre.**

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

EDNA stood a little back of the drop of the white Swiss curtains that so beautifully and coolly draped the windows of Mrs. Chessonleigh's suit of rooms at the Ocean House, listening with a courtesy of attention to aunt Chessonleigh's remarks, but a courtesy that was mingled with a pretty little air of half-defiance and half-deprecation.

"Fortunate? Why, Edna, is it possible you do not comprehend you are the most fortunate girl at Long Branch? Only think, child, you haven't been with me a month yet—not a month away from the quiet little country farm-house, and here you've had an offer from Clarence Cumberland, the most eligible *parti* in society rich, handsome and aristocratic.

Mrs. Caleb Chessonleigh looked up from her bamboo rocker into Edna Hale's fresh, girlish face that was all pink-and-white, with Jessie's bronze-brown eyes and delicious cherry-ripe lips, and a deeply-cheeked chin.

Only four weeks ago she had come to the city to aunt Chessonleigh's, for a society season at Long Branch and Newport and the White Mountains, and here, while the charming novelty was yet at its fullness, she had had the great honor extended to her that scores of other girls were in vain languishing for—the honor of the offer of Mr. Clarence Cumberland's hand and heart, name and riches.

And Mrs. Chessonleigh was in a triumph of ecstasy about it.

"You're a perfect little trump, Edna! To think—well, there are, at the least, a dozen girls who will die with envy when they hear of your engagement, and your mother will be so delighted and gratified! He'll give you a solitaire for your ring, and quite sure, and I'll see to it of course to be to Edna."

"Oh, aunt Jessie, please give me a chance to speak. I told you Mr. Cumberland had asked me to marry him—but..."

She half-smiled, half-frowned as she paused abruptly.

Mrs. Chessonleigh suddenly stopped twisting her gleaming amethyst ring. Edna went on, almost defiantly.

"I refused him, aunt Jessie, because—"

Mrs. Chessonleigh actually started up in her chair.

"What! Refused him? Refused Clarence Cumberland? Edna Hale, what are you talking about?"

A little saucy gleam came into Edna's bronze-brown eyes.

"Why, Mr. Cumberland, to be sure! Auntie, you surely do not think I ought to marry a man more than twice as old as I am—and I am nineteen!"

"Of course I think you ought to be proud and glad of Mr. Cumberland's offer. Good heavens! Edna, you've thrown away the chance of your lifetime!"

"But, aunt Jessie, I am sure I never can love him; I never—"

"Stuff and nonsense! What has a child like you to do with such a silly question? You don't love him! Upon my word, Edna—what can you expect in the shape of a husband if Mr. Cumberland does not suit you—rich, good-looking, aristocratic, influential, and—desperately in love with you?"

Then Edna's brown eyes flashed, and she drew her slender, graceful figure up to its fullest height—such a charming figure, all curves and dimples, and as willowy as a flower-stem.

"I will tell you what I want, auntie—somebody I am sure will be all the world to me, and to some, I'll be all in all. Somebody I love—Jessie, deedly, deedly, beyond the possibility of a doubt."

Her face flushed a little as she spoke, but it colored more vividly as a slow, sarcastic smile, full of meaning, gathered around Mrs. Chessonleigh's cold, handsome lips.

"Oh, I begin to understand! Perhaps you are becoming interested in that young scamp of a fellow who is Mr. Cumberland's second or third cousin, or something of the like—that young Glenmorris!"

Edna stood her ground bravely.

"Hugh! You call him 'Hugh'!"

Edna laughed in spite of herself at the genuine horror depicted on Mrs. Chessonleigh's face.

"Why should I not? You have not allowed me to tell you why I call him Hugh; it is the same reason why I refused Mr. Cumberland; because I am engaged to marry Mr. Glenmorris!"

Mrs. Chessonleigh actually gasped with horror.

"Edna Hale! It cannot be possible you are engaged to Hugh Glenmorris! Why hasn't a dollar in the world above his salary, and I know—mind, I positively know—Mr. Cumberland will never leave him a penny!"

Mrs. Chessonleigh had arisen in great dignity that was almost wrath, but a sight of the girl's sweet, coaxing face interrupted the haughty departure she contemplated.

"You certainly are old enough to have your way, Edna," she said, coldly, stiffly, "but I am not willing to be responsible for you, further. I shall write the particulars to your parents, and request them to send for you. I cannot look my friend Cumberland in the face and know that an inmate of my house, a member of my family has been so absurdly—absurd. I can find no better word."

It was that same afternoon that Mr. Clarence Cumberland drove up to the doors of the Ocean House with his team of high-stepping black mares, their glittering gold-mounted harness and white-tasseled ear-nets, and his elegant barouche with its liveried coachman and footman, and asked for Miss Hale, to receive her there and then the greatest surprise that had ever

befallen him in his long, selfish career—the surprise of the refusal of his offer at little Miss Edna's fair hands.

But Edna was not to be persuaded or scolded or reasoned into reconsidering her decision. She simply said she loved Hugh Glenmorris, and was engaged to him, and that nothing any one could say would change it.

Nor did she retreat from her stand when there came a long letter from home, wherein her mother expostulated and complained, and gave lots of good advice, and her father almost begged her to let her because she had let such a rare opportunity pass by; whereas Sue and Minnie, her older and younger sisters, frankly expressed their astonishment and envy.

It was somewhat of a curious complication, as affairs stood just then. Mrs. Chessonleigh was in one of her distantly dignified moods, and politely but positively insisted that, since Edna had thrown off her yoke of authority, she should return to her home.

While Edna's parents were equally determined that Edna should stay where she was and give the Golden Prince sufficient encouragement to renew his magnanimous offer.

Edna waited patiently a few days—days when her pride and her heart were touched sorely when she felt herself ill-used by every one in all the world but Hugh Glenmorris.

"What shall I do?" she said to him, after a day or so had gone by.

They were driving merrily along Ocean avenue in Mr. Glenmorris's neat little buggy, the sweet salt air blowing on Edna's face that had grown a trifle paler than its usual fairness these last few days.

Hugh's heart gave a great thrill of tender pity and passionate love for her—this little darling who had deliberately refused so much for him.

"I can tell you what to do," he said; and there was something in his eyes that went before the words, which prepared Edna for what he said.

"I have often wondered if you would think I rejoiced in the circumstances that surround you—I was afraid you would think me selfish; but, Edna, why not let us be married at once? Why not now—right away, this afternoon? My vacation is up and we can go back to town to-morrow and begin our new life. Say yes, Edna, won't you?"

Why should she not say yes? She sat thrillingly, trembling with the sudden, exquisite happiness offered her, and he watched her lovely face as she looked out on the billowy sea if seeking an answer of advice.

Then she turned toward him, laying one fair hand on his sleeve, her frank, glad eyes looking shrewdly, happily in his.

"Hugh, I do think it will be best."

And then, Mr. Glenmorris touched up his horse, and drove into Long Branch village, and inquired for the Methodist parsonage, and when they drove along Ocean avenue again, in the cool dusk of the summer night, Edna was Hugh Glenmorris's wife—just a little agitated, a little pale on account of the hasty marriage and the necessity involved in immediately telling her aunt Jessie on her return to the hotel—pale and a trifle nervous, until a sudden exclamation from Mr. Glenmorris made her forget herself, and everything else, except the fact that team of horses, the jaded, jolted, cracked braces and glittering harness, was tearing down the road, the lines tangling in their thundering feet, the elegant barouche behind them rocking and swaying in its mad career from side to side of the drive.

It passed them like a wild flash, just as Edna heard her husband's horrified words:

"It is my uncle's turnout! Edna—for God's sake, turn your head away!"

For there on the broad, beautiful thoroughfare, a crowd was rapidly gathering around a prostrate figure, a crowd of which had been enough to show Mr. Glenmorris that it was Clarence Cumberland's dead body—cut, and bloody, and ghastly pale and rigid.

Two or three hours later, Lawyer Mellwood touched Hugh Glenmorris on the shoulder as he was slowly pacing to and fro on the deserted esplanade.

"I suppose you have no idea what a wealthy man you are, Hugh! Your uncle destroyed his will this morning in which he left all his property to some heathenish institution, and the consequence is, you are sole heir, being next and only of kin. I congratulate you on his neglect, my boy."

"Well, what do you say, do you want me to take a hand in this thing and see if I can fix things so that a big stake can be made out of it?"

"Well, I dunno," remarked Mr. Milligan, reflectively.

"You don't see any chance to make a raise out of it, do you?"

"Nary chance!" confessed the old tramp, with a sigh.

"Well, I do; I see from five to ten thousand dollars in the affair."

Milligan stared.

"My heys! You don't say so?"

"Hon' bright; but I want a good whack—I want half, and in order to make my leeth game succeed you must obey my orders to the letter and without question."

"It's a bargain!"

"All right. Now, in the first place, you want me to give you a raise?"

"Only a little bit besides the five you give me."

"Oh, that won't do; you've got to be all togged out in a decent suit of clothes and then you can throw these old rags away; then you will want money for traveling expenses. I'll be your banker, for it will take a couple of hundred before we can begin to make anything out of it. You can keep sober, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, as a judge, when I've got any business on hand."

"That's good; now the racket that we're to play is this: You're to dress yourself up in a decent suit of clothes, get yourself shaved and fixed up, then call upon the girl to-morrow and request a private interview with her. This granted, tell her that this appearance to-night in rags and dirt was all a device on your part to try her and the old doctor; that you are, and have been for some time, engaged in my service as master of my training-stables; and the sum of my will give confidence; so that you are making a good, fair living and that you have got a little house in upper New York all fitted-up for her reception: say that you heard indirectly that there was a sort of flirtation going on between herself and my cousin, Otis; that you were not acquainted with him, except by reputation, but you did not think that it was a very good idea, as he was a very wealthy young gentleman and she was only a poor girl, and that you were afraid it was an infatuation in which he would get over, and that you hoped she would give up all idea of him. Then say that you are ready to start for New York as soon as she can prepare herself, and hint that you would like to get back to your duties as soon as possible. Now, do you see my idea? You take the girl away and you hide her from my cousin. That's all you care, will you? And him just crazy to find her, which, through my aid in time, he will do. Your continually harping on the theme that he is a rich man, and you do not believe that he means honest by the girl, will, in due season, arouse in her breast a desire to prove to you that he does, and the first thing you know, she'll run off and get married to him. You see, I will be in your cousin's confidence and will engineer the whole thing, and I shall say to him that the best way to keep you quiet is to give you a certain sum down and a regular income payable monthly, but without the knowledge of his wife. The sum paid down I take; the income, you take; and now what do you think of the plant?"

"Beautiful!" cried Milligan, enthusiastically.

"Ah! Mr. Gray, you 'ave got a head on your shoulders!"

"Yes, I fancy that I wasn't born yesterday,"

Gray said coolly.

"Oh, it will work; there's no doubt about it!"

"Not the slightest, as long as we get the jailbird idea out of the girl's mind and excite her womanly obstinacy in regard to the man she loves."

By this time the two had arrived at Harvard Square.

"Instead of meeting me here to-morrow,"

Gray remarked, "meet me in Boston on the steps of Faneuil Hall at eight in the morning, and then I'll have you tagged off. Good-night!"

And then the twain parted, to meet again on the morrow to prepare to carry out Mr. Gray's little scheme.

Milligan was very much inclined to be suspicious.

"Wat is ye arter? Blow me tight, if I know it!"

"I'm after a share of that whack," he declared.

"Just what I say, Jerry; let me in for a share and I'll make a good thing out of it for both us."

"Wat do you mean? Blame me if I understand wrong, Edna," he said, coldly, stiffly.

"Of course you are old enough to have your way, Edna," she said, coolly.

"Why should I not? You have not allowed me to tell you why I call him Hugh; it is the same reason why I refused Mr. Cumberland; because I am engaged to marry Mr. Glenmorris!"

Mrs. Chessonleigh actually gasped with horror.

"Edna Hale! It cannot be possible you are engaged to Hugh Glenmorris! Why hasn't a dollar in the world above his salary, and I know—mind, I positively know—Mr. Cumberland will never leave him a penny!"

It was that same afternoon that Mr. Clarence Cumberland drove up to the doors of the Ocean House with his team of high-stepping black mares, their glittering gold-mounted harness and white-tasseled ear-nets, and his elegant barouche with its liveried coachman and footman, and asked for Miss Hale, to receive her there and then the greatest surprise that had ever

than that noddle that you've got on your shoulders, my friend."

"Say, how did you come to know anything bout it?" the tramp asked, astonished at the information of the other.

"Why, when you told me you had business with the doctor, you excited my curiosity, and therefore I 'piped' you off, and snugly hid under a bush in the garden, I saw you enter the doctor's parlor and overheard every word that was said."

"Well, may I be blessed! if that wasn't a smart trick!" exclaimed the tramp, in admiration.

"Oh, I'm up to a thing or two, once in a while."

"And you think that I can't manage the job?"

"You big idiot, you!" cried Gray, in contempt.

" Didn't you make a nice mess of it to night?"

"I did the best I knew how."

"And that was bad enough!" Gray retorted, in contempt.

"Now, let me show you how the ground lay and how you went to work and overheard every word that was said."

"I did the best I knew how."

"And that was bad enough!" Gray retorted, in contempt.

The tramp business was move No. 1, and this was move No. 2.

"She'll serve it in a jiffy!" And then the old man hurried into the house to give the necessary orders.

"Everything goes on splendidly!" Gray muttered to himself. "I shall succeed, I am sure of it! This girl must get out of this. I want her in New York where she can serve my purpose as a lodestone to attract my dear cousin, old Harvard's winning ear, as they term him, but I'll bet a trifl that in his next race, whether he sits in the boat or out of it, his crew will not come in ahead."

Old Googage again emerged from the cottage.

"You'll be served in a few minutes, sir, and I hope you'll excuse me?" he said.

"Oh, yes."

The innkeeper departed, and hardly had he disappeared down the street before the girl came from the house with the ginger ale.

"Will you have your chop here, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please, and are you going to cook it?"

"Yes, sir."

"They would never believe this in New York if I were to tell them, would they?" he exclaimed.

A shade of annoyance passed over the pretty face of the girl.

"Ah, but I hope that you will not tell them," she replied. "I trust that you will keep my secret there as well as here."

"Oh you can rely implicitly upon my discretion."

"But I say, wouldn't you like to have Bob know your true position in the world?" the tempter asked, insidiously.

The girl colored up for a moment; the bare mention of the stroke-on's name always brought the tell-tale blood into her cheeks.

"Why, what difference should it make to me?" she asked.

"Oh, come, why do you beat about the bush?" he retorted. "Do you think that I am blind—do you think that I haven't known of the flirtation which has been going on between you and my cousin? Why it is all over town that he is over head and ears in love with you."

"In love with Doctor Peabody's daughter, you mean?" she retorted, two bright pink spots appearing in her cheeks. "And what chance do I stand—I, the innkeeper's daughter, against that young lady?"

The girl spoke bitterly, and she glanced down with a sullen air at the common print dress shirt. "Aha! I see that you havn't heard the news."

"What news?" she asked.

"About the young lady who was supposed to be the doctor's daughter."

"Supposed to be! Why, is there any doubt about it?"

"Well, yes, rather, considering that an aged tramp, who rejoices in the name of Jerry Miligan, has made his appearance, and claimed the girl as his child!"

"Why, it is just like a story!" she exclaimed. "And does the doctor admit that the man's claim is correct?"

"Oh, yes, and, what is more, he has yielded the girl to his care, and by this time she is on the way to her new home."

"And where is that? do you know?" The girl was curious regarding her rival.

"Oh, yes; Boston, I believe, is where the old wretch lives; and so, you see, at one sudden and unexpected blow poor Wimfined is hurled to poverty and disgrace."

"Disgrace!"

"Yes, that is the proper word; this new-found father is a regular old rascal!" the first-class scoundrel you know, who thrived by his roguery, but a mean, vulgar, old tramp, who has probably seen the inside of more prisons than he has fingers and toes."

The girl was silent for a few moments, evidently meditating deeply upon this startling and unexpected news, and Gray watched her narrowly, a cunning look in his shrewd eyes.

"It must have been a dreadful blow to the poor girl," she said, at last.

"Yes, it was, and a dreadful blow to Lawrence, too."

"And—and what does he think of it?" she asked. "I should think that if he could find he would have at once volunteered to take her away from the life of misery to which she is evidently doomed unless some friendly hand is outstretched to save her."

"So he did, and the old tramp eagerly jumped at the chance to sell the girl, but she, as proud as a tragedy queen, spurned the offer. She plainly told Bob before all of us there that there was now a gulf between them that could not be spanned, and that henceforth they would be as strangers to each other."

"Is it possible?" proclaimed Kate, in wonder. "Yes, and now comes your chance! Be guided by me, and I'll engage that in less than a month Bob shall be at your feet!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

#### AT NIGHT.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The clinking of the wave,  
Like the fall of silver keys,  
Sent up an endless tune  
To meet the moon.

As we were above the seas.  
Far off a shining ship  
Shone through the dew to me  
As out she sped amain  
To strands of gold and gain  
O'er the lonely, lonely sea.

Forward her pennon streamed  
Upon the forward breeze  
And her farewell sails gay white  
From the faces of the night,  
And the moon, the lonely sea.

On! on! the long, long sails,  
What woe! I cried, for ye  
Are straining into tears  
To pierce the patient years  
That shall hold ye to the seas!

Oh, aching hearts that wait,  
And mournful souls that flee,  
May never your sorrow know  
The dread fire-asking blow  
Of the sunmons of the sea."

And on we went the tune  
Up to the horizon and beyond  
And a parting gleam came back  
From the far ship's trailing track  
As she crossed the brim of the sea.

#### Equality Eph,

The Outlaw of the Chaparral;

OR,  
SPORT AND PERIL IN TEXAS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "HAPPY JACK AND PARD," "THE  
CALIFORNIANS," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XI.

WOLVES OF THE CHAPARRAL.

As their comrade fell before that unerring rifle; as Martin uttered that fear-inspiring name; as they beheld the man or demon come toward them with such thrilling tales were told, the outlaws shrank back from the plague, and some among their number seemed about to seek safety in headlong flight.

With a cry of mortified rage the young woman, Missouri Belle, spurred her pony forward, her eyes flashing fire.

"Twenty men cowed by a single man—and he with the life-blood of your comrade staining his hand! Go! hide your heads, you pitiful cowards! I will avenge poor Conrade myself!"

Straight toward the black rider the excited girl rode, and as the spotted pony carried her with a bold range, she drew a revolver and fired shot after shot in swift succession.

Mark Bird, bound and disarmed though he

was, urged forward the horse which he bestrode behind his cousin, not thinking of the danger he was courting, only seeing the fair young girl rushing to such an unequal encounter, deserted by those whose duty it was to guard and defend her.

The black rider remained motionless, his eyes upon the form of Missouri Belle as she charged down upon him, a glorious vision. Motionless until the leaden bullets began whistling viciously around him, and it seemed as though the fair road-agent was fated to avenge the death of her follower. But then, without a word or gesture, the Death Shot wheeled his horse and sped away over the level plain.

This seemed to restore in a degree the usual courage of the outlaws, and with Martin at their head, they put their animals to speed and thundered along the trail.

Belle urged her pony on with voice and spur, but all her efforts were in vain. The black horse forged ahead, until its rider was beyond pistol range, then steadily maintained its advantage without seeming effort, though the spotted mustang was straining every nerve to its utmost tension.

For over a mile the chase swept on. Martin and his comrades had overtaken the doubly-burdened horse ridden by the cousins. Missouri Belle, at length satisfied that it was beyond the power of her to outrace the black rider, relaxed her exertions and rejoiced in the outlaws' advance.

"Is there no horse here that can come up with that demon? I will give one hundred dollars to the man that takes him dead, or alive!"

"As well chase the wind!" muttered Martin, sullenly. "That is no mortal man and horse. A bullet flattens against his breast and a knife shivers like a bit of glass. He is a demon—and his horse! He is just playing with us. Or trying to lead us into some trap or pitfall. I will face flesh and blood long as any man, but I'll fight not against spirits."

"And you are the one my father has chosen to go to him?" he asked, looking at the black horse.

"Yes, sir; here is why do you beat about the bush?" he retorted. "Do you think that I am blind—do you think that I haven't known of the flirtation which has been going on between you and my cousin? Why it is all over town that he is over head and ears in love with you."

"In love with Doctor Peabody's daughter, you mean?" she retorted, two bright pink spots appearing in her cheeks. "And what chance do I stand—I, the innkeeper's daughter, against that young lady?"

The girl spoke bitterly, and she glanced down with a sullen air at the common print dress shirt. "Aha! I see that you havn't heard the news."

"What news?" she asked.

"About the young lady who was supposed to be the doctor's daughter."

"Supposed to be! Why, is there any doubt about it?"

"Well, yes, rather, considering that an aged tramp, who rejoices in the name of Jerry Miligan, has made his appearance, and claimed the girl as his child!"

"Why, it is just like a story!" she exclaimed. "And does the doctor admit that the man's claim is correct?"

"Oh, yes, and, what is more, he has yielded the girl to his care, and by this time she is on the way to her new home."

"And where is that? do you know?" The girl was curious regarding her rival.

"Oh, yes; Boston, I believe, is where the old wretch lives; and so, you see, at one sudden and unexpected blow poor Wimfined is hurled to poverty and disgrace."

"Disgrace!"

"Yes, that is the proper word; this new-found father is a regular old rascal!" the first-class scoundrel you know, who thrived by his roguery, but a mean, vulgar, old tramp, who has probably seen the inside of more prisons than he has fingers and toes."

The girl was silent for a few moments, evidently meditating deeply upon this startling and unexpected news, and Gray watched her narrowly, a cunning look in his shrewd eyes.

"It must have been a dreadful blow to the poor girl," she said, at last.

"Yes, it was, and a dreadful blow to Lawrence, too."

"And—and what does he think of it?" she asked. "I should think that if he could find he would have at once volunteered to take her away from the life of misery to which she is evidently doomed unless some friendly hand is outstretched to save her."

"So he did, and the old tramp eagerly jumped at the chance to sell the girl, but she, as proud as a tragedy queen, spurned the offer. She plainly told Bob before all of us there that there was now a gulf between them that could not be spanned, and that henceforth they would be as strangers to each other."

"Is it possible?" proclaimed Kate, in wonder. "Yes, and now comes your chance! Be guided by me, and I'll engage that in less than a month Bob shall be at your feet!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

"That will do," growled the invalid, with a curse. "You have made no mistake. But make sure—your names?"

Realizing the utter folly of obstinacy, the cousins replied.

"Good enough! You came to Texas in answer to a letter from one David Woodson."

"You will excuse our answering that question until we are better convinced of your right to ask it," coldly replied Kirke.

"The right of might, young man. You are in my power—I can do with you as I will. One word from my lips will condemn you to death or give you life. If you are wise you will remember this. But I don't mind your will to remember this. I will not be afraid to avenge you."

"I am David Woodson. There! I am not well enough to say more. Martin put them in the cage, and leave their hands bound. Set them in the guard over them. Go, now!"

#### CHAPTER XII.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The instructions of the outlaw chief were promptly and thoroughly carried out by Martin and his fellows. The two prisoners were led through the little collection of huts and thrust into an oblong structure of logs. The door was closed and barred upon them, and as they stood in the utter darkness, the cousins could distinctly hear Martin giving the man placed before the door orders.

"All you need do is to approach the jug without the password, and if either of the prisoners attempts to escape, shoot him down—and don't let your bullet hit the guard."

"Prime comfort," uttered Mark, with a faint laugh. "Seems to me we're seeing the elephant in sober earnest, Kirke. I don't want you to think I am weakening, but I'd give all my old boots for just one glimpse of the old home and folks about this time. But honestly, I believe we've been on a wild-goose chase from the first."

"Not altogether," replied Howard, earnestly. "By the way, I did not die on that night. Remember what we found in the grave. We know that his teeth were double all around, front as well as on the side; the skull we found was not thus furnished."

"Well, I hope you're right. But about this fellow; do you believe he is the David Woodson who wrote that letter?"

"He may have written the letters, but I am very well convinced that the real David Woodson is dead and buried. Five different men told me the same story about his accident and the manner in which his skull was mended; and I proved the truth of their statement. As for the man—this captain of ours—do you know what he is?"

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"Well, I hope you're right. But about this fellow; do you believe he is

gancy, and impressed each detail upon his mind. Rising in his stirrups he cast a quick, sweeping glance around him. A hissing curse passed his lips as he wrench'd his animal around and faced the back-trail. His eyes opened wider, and he brushed one hand across them as though to clear his vision.

"Gone! and I could have sworn that some one was dogging me! I saw him plain as day. Has he hidden? I don't see any cover, but it may be."

Overton drew a revolver and assured himself that the cylinder worked freely, and that the caps were well down upon their nipples. Holding the weapon ready for instant use he gave his horse free rein and trotted swiftly along upon his own trail, his eyes roving keenly, closely scrutinizing every foot of the ground. He rode beyond the spot where he had seen, or fancied he saw, the spy, then rapidly quartered the ground in every direction, though the prairie grass did not seem high enough to cover a dog, much less a man.

"It must have been fancy," Overton muttered at length, drawing rein for a last careful glance around him. "There is no one here. I must have sighted him if he had tried to run away. And yet—I could have sworn that a man was following me, afoot. I don't know what to think of it. Three times, now, have I been tricked in this same way. Is some one dogging me, or—can it be that I am haunted?"

As these words dropped from his lips, Overton swept his eye around swiftly, and a peculiar tremor crept over him. Then, with a forced laugh, he plunged his spurs deep into the flanks of his mustang and dashed away, muttering:

"Man or spook, whichever it is, will need light heels to follow me now!"

For nearly an hour the half-breed kept up this rate of speed, then drew rein at the top of a small knoll; the only rising ground there was for miles around. Dismounting he drew a small powder-flask from his pocket, and pouring a portion of its contents into the palm of his hand he moistened it with spit, rolling the mixture into a small ball. Covering this with dry powder and placing it all upon the point of his knife, he struck a match and ignited the spirit-ball.

Holding the spluttering beacon above his head, he described several fantastic figures in the air with it, then flung the remainder far from him.

With a grunt of satisfaction Colonel Overton squatted upon the ground and lit his pipe for a smoke while awaiting an answer to his signal. He was not kept long in suspense. From the darkness beyond came the sharp, querulous barking of a coyote. Removing his pipe Overton imitated the sound. A minute later a tall, dark figure glided up the knoll and confronted the half-breed. Though the night was dark, the few stars above gave light sufficient for Overton to recognize in the Indian who stood before him the person whom he had signaled.

"You are welcome, chief," the half-breed said, using the Kiowa dialect. "I am glad to see you."

"My brother is late. Whirlwind has been waiting," coldly responded the red-man.

"That was not my fault. A dog was following my trail, and I had to stop his prowling. There is time enough. What I have to say will not take long."

"My ears are opened. Let Turn-over speak."

"Sit down and smoke. We are friends and brothers," said Overton, setting the example. "Now listen. The Whirlwind is a great chief. When his voice is raised for war, the whole Kiowa nation paint their faces, and his enemies smooth their scalp-locks ready for his knife."

"Turn-over has a long tongue. He can sing as sweet as the mocking-bird. He talks; Whirlwind does."

Overton winced at the rude, insulting tone of the Kiowa. He knew that the chief despised him, for good reasons. There was no love lost between them; but the half-breed's present policy was one of conciliation, and he affected to receive the Indian's words as a compliment.

"The chief says well. Turn-over will show him that his arm is as long as his tongue when he wishes to serve a friend. Has Whirlwind found another white squaw to take the place of Gold Hair?"

"No; but the Mexican moon is near."

"There is a young white squaw still nearer. She is nice and fat, and lovely as the mountain partridge. Will Whirlwind reach forth his hand and take her to his lodge?"

"What bait must be put in Turn-over's hand?" shrewdly responded the chief.

"A scalp; nothing more. Listen. Many years ago a white brave lost his little pappoose. I found her. Her father is rich. He gave me some money to restore his child. I told him he should have her. I told him she was far away, and that it would take me two days to bring her to meet him. He promised to bring me more money. You will come, too, with your braves. You will be hidden until the pale-face gives me the money. I will give him his daughter. Then you will come and take your squaw. Does Whirlwind see?"

"Yes. Whirlwind takes the squaw and the money."

"No; the squaw, but the money is mine. You will take the old white head captive. You will carry them off and threaten him with the torture-stake. He is very rich, and will give you much money, guns, pistols, knives, horses and anything you ask. When you get these goods, you can let him go free, or else take his scalp, just as you choose."

"Whose is the scalp I am to give Turn-over?"

"You know the man they call the Chaparral Wolf? He will be with me. You must kill him. When I see his scalp, then I will be paid for the white squaw. It is not much. He will not be thinking of danger. You can easily kill him."

"Turn-over is not a pappoose. His hand is heavy enough to kill a wolf," grunted Whirlwind.

"I have my reasons. I give you a big price to take his scalp for me. If you will not do it, say so. Grizzly Paw is ready to do the job."

"Grizzly Paw is an old squaw! He would run from a prairie-dog. Whirlwind will kill the wolf."

"Good. Remember, then. Two nights from this, at the Buffalo Hump. You will go there before the sun sets. Hide, and wait. When I raise my hand, you will strike."

The two conspirators arose, and with few words, separated. Colonel Overton stood still, peering for several minutes into the darkness where the Kiowa had vanished. Then he mounted his horse and turning his head toward San Marcos, rode leisurely away.

"If he plays his part well—and he will not fail, for he is crazy for another white squaw—if he does not find me, I will soon be free from his tyranny. I will be welcome to the Kiowa lodges after this. Maybe I can play a double game."

Muttering to himself, giving hints of the complicated plots that seethed in his busy brain, Colonel Overton failed to notice the dark figure that uprose in his path until too late to avert his doom. A rifle or pistol flashed before his eyes, and with a hollow groan he fell backward from the saddle. A dark figure sprung upon him and tore open his coat. It took a pocket-book and some papers, then darted away in the darkness like a startled hare.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 448.)

THEY were expressing surprise at the success of a politician who had been everything. "Oh, no wonder he gets rich," said a wise observer; "he has sold every one that bought him and saved the money."

"It was not for the years couched upon his head," wrote the obituary writer; and then he got right up and howled when the type-setter rendered it, "If it were not for his ears, he could have stood upon his head."

## Franz,

### THE FRENCH DETECTIVE; OR, THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.  
BY A. P. MORRIS.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRIUMPH OF FRANZ EDOUIN.

The immense and wild concourse of thieves, having overcome and fairly annihilated the desperate crew led by Bramont, now pressed onward to the second scene of conflict, throwing themselves in a solid body before and around the Death-cart from which Xlmo, the Voodoo, was screaming her commands and flourishing his spiked mace.

"Forward!" she ordered, shrilly. "I see there Philip De Vin, who leads a rank of cavalry. Now then, at the command of mine!"

With loudly reverberating bells the mob-like mass rushed in, tramping with the detectives, for the thieves, discovering the identity of the men with slouched hats and capes, were rapidly disappearing in the direction of their various lairs and hiding-places, and the dangers of the recent combat being over, scores of people were boldly coming forward, eager to ascertain the cause of the fray. Among these latter were two men who stood apart and conversed earnestly.

There is Pierre Plaque and his outlandish cart!" exclaimed one.

"So it is. And scarce three days ago he had away a brother of mine, whom I have not seen since."

"I have almost a similar cause to hate the Death-cart driver, who has, no doubt, brought about all these dead bodies on the way. Ha! as I live, there stands that wench, Xlmo, the Voodoo, in yonder doorway! I have a grudge against her for selling poison to my wife, which was intended for my stomach! Let us stab Pierre Plaque and incite a riot against this abominable Voodoo! Come!"

Pierre Plaque had remained seated upon his cart as motionless as a carven image. Not a finger or muscle moved. Suddenly he was jerked to the ground by the two men, and these men uttered a cry of surprise. The Death-cart driver was dead and stiff. In the very center of his forehead was a hole where a stray bullet had pierced his brain.

Simultaneously with this act, there arose that loud noise of iron which attracted those in the house, for it seemed that others in the crowd had recognized the unpopular Voodoo, and the sound was caused by numerous mutterings against her.

Perceiving the absence of her late allies, the thieves, and realizing instantly the danger to herself, and those with her, she cried out, quickly:

"Not a minute longer must we remain here! Come! Into the Death-cart—all! We shall be mobbed and killed directly!"

She sprang through the doorway, circling her spiked mace aloft, and Helen Varcla, though weak from loss of blood, followed bravely with the sword she had recovered from Franz Edouin. The friends of Franz, happening to be near the door, promptly aided the two women, and endeavored further to keep off the tumultuous crowd after the lovers, the Voodoo and the actress were in the cart. The horse was whipped up to full speed, and as they dashed off Xlmo glanced back and ground out between her gritting teeth:

"Deserted and beset! Miserable fortune! Those bounds will be after us presently! But we shall elude them, never fear!"

On they sped. The cart was lightly built and the horse a powerful animal. They were soon beyond sight of the mob, but the Voodoo fore-saw that the moment of a rise against her and her witchcraft was now at hand, and this moment she had constantly expected of late, being prepared for it in a way we shall see, and knew that, having started in this manner, she would be pursued to her den.

"Let them come—the fools! Do they think that I will calmly wait to be torn to pieces by them? It were better, friends, for us to leave Paris. Fortunately, I have provided the means."

As they reached *El Bibou* a female figure joined them.

"Ah! it is my faithful Annette. Come with us, girl!" exclaimed the actress.

True to the forest of trees, *El Bibou*, far down the Rue de L'Amour, they could hear the approaching mob, infuriated and bent upon destroying the sorceress of *El Bibou*. Entering the ponderous gate, which was carefully and strongly locked after them, Xlmo led the way by a narrow path to a shed in the rear of the building. Beneath this shed was a furnace ready to light, a gasometer, and every known improved appliance for the quick generation of gas.

The Voodoo moved busily about. Soon the furnace glowed and a strange, hissing noise was heard, accompanied by a crackling and rustling like the unfolding of silk. Presently something at the far end and exterior of the shed swung into sight and appeared to rise slowly, like a huge mound, growing larger and larger.

"Look!" said Xlmo, flashing a light in the direction of the shadowy spectacle. "Think you those coming hounds can catch us, unless they are provided with wings?"

"She knows all," interrupted the actress.

"While that terrible struggle progressed without, I have convinced her in embracing me, she is in the arms of the mother who has loved, longed, and sought for her during seventeen years."

"Dear Franz," said the maiden, pillowing her head upon the breast of her love, "I am satisfied that I have found my mother and that I shall love her dearly. With her and with you, my happiness should be complete. But, oh! tell me of my father. Have you seen him? Where is he? Can we not go to him at once?"

A grave silence followed this speech, and all looked at Franz Edouin, over whose face passed a shadow of pain.

"If your mother has told you all, has she not told you that Dorlan Ray was not really your father, and that your father died in England many years ago?" asked the Voodoo.

"Ah! true, she did. But Dorlan Ray was ever a father to me, kind and loving. How can I think of him otherwise? Tell me of him, dear Franz. My very heart is bleeding for him; I dare not imagine what may have been his fate, after he was dragged from me."

"My poor, suffering love," he answered, in a low voice choked with emotion, "let the fact that Dorlan Ray was not your true father help your strength ever so little in bearing a sad piece of news which I consider it my duty to tell you even now. Can you be brave, my darling?"

"Speak, Franz," and her voice was weak and husky as she uttered the words.

"While you listen, dear one, I will be brief and spare you all I can. I, far more than you, have cause for deepest sorrow. Dorlan Ray, as I have this night learned, was indeed my own father."

"Your father, Franz?"

"Ay. But of that we will speak at some other time. Dorlan Ray was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, by Philip De Vin—that monster in human garb!—who used every artifice and threat to persuade his captive and victim into co-operating to make you his bride. Dorlan Ray at last, when De Vin promised to have him shot at sunrise if he persisted in his refusal, professed consent to the arch-villain's plans. De Vin started for your house, to bring you and wed you in the prison cell as the price of the life of the man whom you believed to be your father."

"Oh, no! How can I think that?" sobbed Xlmo, burying her face in her hands. "For though I would have willingly made any sacrifice to save such precious life, I cannot believe that he would have asked it of me. He was too brave, too good, too noble. Ah! I knew him well."

"Nay, you misjudge him. In his breast he carried a vial of poison, and when you had reached his arms, he would have asked you if you were ready to drink the poison with him and thus forever escape the persecution of all enemies."

"How gladly would I have done so, in such an alternative!" she wept.

"When De Vin had gone," continued the lover, "the guard at the door went into the cell. Ray knew the man. This guard once had a little daughter who lay sick and dying for want of proper medicines. Ray found her out, filled the sick-chamber with comforts and delicacies, cheered the despondent hearts of the parents and wove a happy feeling in the body and mind of the sufferer. The guard recovered. In remembrance of this, the guard said to the wife of the child, 'I will aid you to escape, even though I forfeit my own existence, for I know that there is one very dear to you, who needs your presence and protection.' The chans were unlocked, and when they had exchanged a portion of clothing the artiste stoled cautiously away. He did not easily escape. Being discovered, he

was fired upon and—I must speak it, though it wrings my heart to do so—I held him in my arms when he died. With his last breath he told me that he had told to you, 'I have taken steps to have him properly attended.'

Xlmo was weeping hysterically, and in her extreme grief could find no words for utterance as he finished the sad recital.

At that juncture the attention of all was attracted by an ominous murmuring without.

While the foregoing scene was being enacted within the house, there were sudden and significant doings among the vast crowd in the street, not embracing the thieves or detectives, for the thieves, discovering the identity of the men with slouched hats and capes, were rapidly disappearing in the direction of their various lairs and hiding-places, and the dangers of the recent combat being over, scores of people were boldly coming forward, eager to ascertain the cause of the fray. Among these latter were two men who stood apart and conversed earnestly.

There is Pierre Plaque and his outlandish cart!" exclaimed one.

"So it is. And scarce three days ago he had away a brother of mine, whom I have not seen since."

"I have almost a similar cause to hate the Death-cart driver, who has, no doubt, brought about all these dead bodies on the way. Ha! as I live, there stands that wench, Xlmo, the Voodoo, in yonder doorway! I have a grudge against her for selling poison to my wife, which was intended for my stomach!

Pierre Plaque had remained seated upon his cart as motionless as a carven image. Not a finger or muscle moved. Suddenly he was jerked to the ground by the two men, and these men uttered a cry of surprise. The Death-cart driver was dead and stiff. In the very center of his forehead was a hole where a stray bullet had pierced his brain.

Simultaneously with this act, there arose that loud noise of iron which attracted those in the house, for it seemed that others in the crowd had recognized the unpopular Voodoo, and the sound was caused by numerous mutterings against her.

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## THAT LITTLE BABY AROUND THE CORNER.

BY JON JOT, JR.

I often look at people I meet  
At home or abroad, at church or on street,  
And wonder what the world would be  
Were they all little babes on their mother's knees,  
With the power of speech to spread  
On a bicycle tricycle centipede.  
The trouble is I have ears acute  
And the air in this neighborhood's just to a nul,  
And the reason why I am a mourner  
Is that little baby around the corner.  
That baby I think is not very ill,  
To just a few days old it envelops all it;  
But the sure that baby will never be sick  
For it has the soundest lungs I know.  
I think it must be the three pair  
of the lower disturbing air,  
I am sure that nothing could beforer  
Than that little baby around the corner.  
It seems to have been invented for noise  
To make us appreciate other joys.  
At night and morning I hear it squall  
And wonder the nurse doesn't let it fall  
And break the little bone of its ears,  
I know it's a girl by the noise it makes.  
That sound doesn't let me sleep so low;  
I can hardly enjoy my pie like Jack Horner  
Or that little baby around the corner.  
I imagine the nurse is a little hard  
Of hearing and so has but little regard  
Which that little infant scatters around.  
When I sit to think of my rival with tears  
That shrill big squall just pierces my ears,  
When I think of the blue I owe,  
That sound doesn't let me sleep so low;  
Or that little baby around the corner.  
It uses so very much air for its squall  
That there is none in this section at all,  
The atmosphere for days and weeks  
Is filled with smoke and smoke  
And all the soothng syrup in town  
Would be powerless that tone to drown.  
Oh, for a ledge in a cooper-shop  
Where a little silence would sometimes drop;  
For if tell you indeed I am a scunner  
Or that little baby around the corner.

## Wild Western Tales.

### STRAIGHT-EYE JIM DARTON, CUSTER'S DOUBLE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

OVER the great savannas of Northern Dakota, a furious snow-storm was blowing, whirling gusts, like a feather, and driving the snow in almost blinding clouds. The air was growing keener each hour of the day, and apparently the winter was setting in dead earnest. The ground was covered three inches deep with the bed of white, the running creeks of the savannas were filled with slush; even the trees that were scattered here and there were bending under their first wintry burdens. All game of the animal or fowl kind had flown to cover, except the little snow-bird, flocks of which were abroad.

A man crossing one of these far-reaching savannas mounted upon a laden horse, this wild dismal day of December 7th, was not very impressed with the gloomy aspect of the scene. He was riding in a southwesterly direction, which, in the course of time, should his horse hold out, would bring him into the Black Hills region.

But he had yet fully a hundred and fifty miles to ride ere he reached that country, and the prospects for his journey were not in the least encouraging. For he had been long enough upon the border to know that the storm, which was coming down so furiously against his right, was destined to last until the snow lay a foot or more upon the level for Dakota the never having storm by halves.

The lone horseman was a scout and Indian-fighter, widely known along the northern frontier as Jim Darton, or Straight-Eye. He had often made himself famous for fighting prowess and scouting ability during Indian campaigns, and was now returning from an expedition into the very northern part of the territory.

Of the snow he had no fear, for he knew that it could not become so deep but what he could get over it with snow-shoes, which he had among his baggage, even if he had to abandon his horse. But there was a scarcity of food which caused uneasiness to assault him. Previous to the storm he had neglected to supply himself with a sufficient quantity for his journey, calculating to be able to procure fresh game along as he wanted it.

But the sudden outbursting of the storm had effectually scattered and driven off the game beyond his reach, and we find him crossing the plain with winter staring him in the face, and not a day's rations in his haversack.

A glance at Straight-Eye, by a person who had seen the late George A. Custer, previous to his untimely death, could not have failed to discover a great resemblance between the two, for the frank eyes, the flowing hair and mustache, the erect bearing of the scout, were wonderfully alike to the same characteristics of General Custer.

Had the two men ever met, they could but have been astonished at the wonderful resemblance between them; and people who had known both, got to calling Straight-Eye, "Custer's Double," a name that clung to him, tenaciously.

With anxiety depicted upon his countenance, the scout kept his steed moving along through the blinding, flurrying storm, as fast as the depth of the snow and nature of the pathless savanna would permit, while he kept his clear, strong eyes busy in watching about him, locating his route, and at the same time looking for game, should any stumble within sight and range.

But the day advanced swiftly, without any such a discovery, and as the night drew on, the gray pallor of the day grew into a darker dusk, and the snow came down if anything faster than before.

This was disheartening to Custer's Double, and evidently even more so to his horse, which had traveled since daybreak through the foot of snow, and the wiry grass of the savanna.

But when night's darkness had finally encompassed the snowdrifts, with only a grayish reflection of the snow rising up to guide the lone traveler, his quick eye detected a black line ahead through the darkness, and he knew that he was approaching a forest—one of those welcome oases, that are dotted down in the monotonous plains, and known as *mottes*.

The discovery was joyful to the scout, for he knew he could soon obtain primitive shelter for himself and horse; and the faithful animal seemed to see the welcome line full as soon as the master, for accelerated its gait into a sharp trot, and gave vent to a whinny.

Without thought of danger, Straight-Eye rode eagerly forward and soon was in the dense *motte*, where no snow had penetrated to the earth; that is, of course, excepting the snow.

Then it was that he recognized his rashness in not observing his customary caution and wariness, when, with fierce yell, a score of Sioux Indians leaped from the undergrowth toward him. But, he did the next best thing in his power—drew a revolver, and shot four of the red fiends

dead, before he was overpowered and made a prisoner by the great superiority of numbers.

He was securely bound, hand and foot, and dragged further into the *motte*, and, to his surprise, into an Indian village of some eighteen or twenty lodges.

Here he expected to receive brutal treatment, if not death, at once, but was happily disappointed, for he was thrust into a strong lodge and left to himself, although he knew that there were one or more guards on the outside.

The best he could make of his situation was to lie still, wait, and reflect. He had no doubts as to these savages being hostiles, and if so, he was aware that his chances for life were slim.

But he resolved to let come what might, and watch for a chance to escape.

A man of steel nerve and ignorant of fear, Jim Darton never trembled at danger, nor be-moaned his fate.

Later in the evening a savage came in with blankets and materials for a fire, which he built. He then supplied Straight-Eye with some dried venison, and released his hands long enough for him to eat; then bound them again, and took his departure. For the remainder of the night Straight-Eye was left alone.

The snow continued to fall steadily during the night, although the wind somewhat abated. In the following forenoon Straight-Eye was taken from his lodge, out into the encampment, where several chiefs were sitting about a campfire, grimly smoking their long pipes. They viewed him a few moments in silence, and then waved their hands, and he was taken back and locked in the lodge. At noon a tall, brawny savage entered, and looking straight at the scout said:

"The white dog must die, for the Sioux have killed it so. At sunrise, to-morrow, he die at the stake!"

Then the warrior departed, and Darton was left to meditate upon his unpleasant situation.

He was not visited again until darkness, when his supper and a tin lamp were brought him, and after eating he was left alone.

The night had advanced well toward a crisp, stinging day-dawn, and it was intensely dark out in the *motte*, when an Indian maiden glided into Darton's tent.

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